

And this the noble Bodie : I am sotted,  
 Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me :  
 For if my brother but even now had ask'd me  
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,  
 Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,  
 Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,  
 Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,  
 I may goe looke ; What a mycere child is *Fancie*,  
 That having two faire gawdes of equail sweetnesse,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

*Enter Emil. and Gent.*

*Emil.* How now Sir ?

*Gent.* From the Noble Duke your Brother  
 Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

*Emil.* To end the quarrell ?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emil.* Would I might end first :  
 What finnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,  
 That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd  
 With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie  
 Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,  
 Two greater, and two better never yet  
 Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice  
 To my unhappy Beautie ?

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.*

*Theseus.* Bring 'em in quickly,  
 By any meanes, I long to see 'em.  
 Your two contending Lovers are return'd,  
 And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,  
 You must love one of them.

*Emil.* I had rather both,  
 So neither for my sake should fall untimely

*Enter Messengers. Curtis.*

*Thes.* Who saw 'em ?

*Per.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Thes.* From whence come you Sir ?

*Mess.* From the Knights.

*Thes.*

*Thes.* Pray spe  
 You that have see

*Mess.* I will  
 And truly what I  
 Then these they h  
 I nev'r saw, nor r  
 In the first place v  
 Should be a stout  
 (His very lookes  
 Nearer a browne  
 Which shewes h  
 The circles of his  
 And as a heated  
 His haire hangs lo  
 Like Ravens wing  
 Armd long and r  
 Hung by a curio  
 To scale his will  
 Was never Soule

*Thes.* Thou ha

*Per.* Yet a gr

Me thinkes, of hi

*Thes.* Pray sp

*Per.* I ghesse h

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